

Anglo-American Memories

CLIV.

SOME RECENT AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS.

II.

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London, January 2.

I had not seen New York for four years. The Mauretania arrived at 11 in the evening: an hour when the shores of the harbor and the city itself offered you only fitful and farfetched lights, and the new broad-windowed ferries, all ablaze with electricity, were more visible than the city itself; or than the Statue of Liberty enlightening the world. The clever Alsatian who unloaded this work of art upon us meant to describe it, I imagine, as Liberty Lighting the World. In fact it does neither. Mr. Tilson Young says she is a lie. She is, at any rate, ugly, ill proportioned, misshapen, with the uplifted arm prolonged by the torch that seems part of the arm; and so a limb which is a mere deformity. The effect of the darkness pierced by these points of flame was stagelike. I can imagine that if the cloud-capped towers which we, in an unpoetical mood, have called skyscrapers, were illuminated, the view of the city would be a view of fairyland. I saw the whole by daylight again from the deck of the Mauretania as I sailed away some weeks later, a receding vision: the outlines softening as they receded.

What the eye sees is an architectural chaos: as if an earthquake had passed that way; levelling and uplifting till these masses of steel-girded structures assume the kind of rude symmetry which Nature evolves out of her most destructive mood. Impressive beyond doubt. You know it is not Nature but Man whose hand has done all this. Not a building seems to have been designed with any thought of beauty; nor even of proportion; but, flung together as they are, chance has created a certain uncouth beauty of mass which no architect intended. There is, at any rate, a sense of power. Only a race of giants could have wrought these miracles. On no one of them did any human hand rest lovingly, as upon the cathedral and palaces of Europe centuries old. They are machine-made; turned out by steam or electricity for certain definite uses. The idea which gave them birth is a purely utilitarian idea, the divorce between use and beauty is in each building complete; and then they reunite, as if, after all, these builders of the prosaic had builded better than they knew. Never, I suppose, was the New York land owner so happy as when he discovered that he owned from the soil to the sky.

A similar illusion possesses you when you penetrate into the interior of the city; I mean of the real city: that part of it which we describe, like the Philistines we are, as downtown. In my two days' stay in New York I made that journey twice, once in a surface car which wound its way through a labyrinth of narrow streets, stopping for breath every thirty seconds; an hour's pilgrimage from 34th street to the City Hall. I missed my appointments, but that did not matter. What mattered was the impression not to be had otherwise as these fortresses of granite slid slowly past. Again you saw that nothing but the useful had been allowed a place in the architect's mind, and no one of his achievements had any separate aim except to become a warehouse or a store wherein business could be transacted in the least space and at the greatest speed. Beneath their weight the earth groaned. Above them the sky had vanished; you found yourself, as Mr. Fuller described the inhabitants of Chicago, a cliff dweller: savage walls, rough hewn and pitiless, rising high about you; darkness upon the face of the earth; the light of heaven neither within nor without; a blinding electric glare doing the work of the sun.

Of the encompassing glory of the Bay you caught no glimpse, nor could you hear the rushing tides of the two great rivers on either side. What flowed or oozed past you was the tide of business for which, and for which only, New York exists. The city is a workshop and the air is resonant with the clang of engines and every kind of huge and cruel machine. These are the mills of another God than the one you worship in far off churches. They grind not slowly but at unceasing speed; nor small, but with a large exactness more terrible still; and, as George Herbert has it, sure. A machine that does not go to the scrap heap; and a man who has become a machine and so remains. No appeal to mercy is here of any use; the Deity, whoever or whatever he is who presides over this lower New York world, is inexorable. You must go the pace or you go under. These cold, gray walls with grated and barred windows, what are they but prisons? What is New York but a prison, like Hamlet's Denmark, or Hamlet's world, in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons.

True that afternoon, but in the evening I found myself at the Opera in a scene which has not its equal in splendor in any other opera house anywhere in the world. It was the first night of the season. I had dined in a house where the French genius for interior decoration at its best period had somehow found its way across the Atlantic; the brain of an American woman choosing out of it what was best for her purpose. The brilliant color spaces glowing with color and lovely ornament were the right contrast to the grimness of the afternoon. The atmosphere had changed and the spirit had changed. There is another New York after all; a New York in which an intelligent sureness of taste, and a love of what is something more than useful, reigns supreme. Mr. Tilson Young, amid all his critical impatience of what he thinks most American, allows us two merits: architecture and music; as if he had remembered George Sand, whom he does not quote, and her fantastic saying that architecture is frozen music.

He cannot, I think, have seen either the house I mention or the opera; or he would have allowed us something else. I have known, I believe, every great opera house in Europe but one, and it is not till after you have known them all that you altogether appreciate the coup d'oeil of the Metropolitan in New York. The Grand Opera House in Paris is an infinitely nobler building, nor does the Metropolitan pretend to compete with its great marble staircase or its marbled and frescoed foyer. I speak of nothing but the auditorium; on that point I have no doubt. The Metropolitan has concentrated all its art

energy; and on one feature of the auditorium. Whoever designed the first tier of boxes—meaningless called the parterre tier—had in him a power of imagination commonly wanting to the architect. For he set himself to contrive a thing not merely admirable in itself but admirable with reference to its purpose and the use to be made of it. I was asked by an English friend in London in what the Metropolitan was superior to Covent Garden, and I said:

"In everything, but in this most of all, that in the Metropolitan we do not plunk-hole our women as you do."

For in Covent Garden the stings and dingy little boxes are all inclosed; they are just windows to look out of, and each group of women is partitioned off so that you can see at the same time that group and no other, and there is no general view at all except of the chess-board kind. In the Metropolitan the boxes have no visible divisions, save the low, gilt railings between each two, nor do you see these railings till you look for them.

What you do see at the first glance and all at once is that great horseshoe sweep of salons opening into each other; and the eye takes in all those brilliant groups together. It is one picture, one company of beautiful women beautifully dressed, dazzlingly jewelled. Each woman sets off every other; each gown, perfect in itself, borrows a fresh perfection from its neighbor, and all the jewels flash back from one to the other the radiance each has of its own. Even the loveliness of these delicate, high bred faces is more lovely because they are together. Indeed, you may call it a parterre, if you like, though the parterre proper is the orchestra stalls. For this is a true garden in which grow the rarest and most exquisite flowers.

Many a first night at the opera had I seen; never one to compare with this. I looked about for English friends whose impressions I wanted, but there were none. I wanted the impressions of a stranger, since mine were those of one to whom the scene had once been familiar. Not only that, but I was meeting old friends, scores of them, who for all this interval of years seemed to be friends still. That was one enchantment of the more. The personal element was part of the spectacle. There were girls whom I had known as girls, now married but still in the beautiful borderland of girlhood and womanhood, with the charm of both. Not at the opera only but everywhere, this America—New York, Long Island, Tuxedo, Washington, each was a Paradise of Girls. One, a New Yorker by marriage only, bringing with her all the attractions which had turned the heads of glided youth and impatient age in another capital; a little riper, not less girlish, with the same sweetness and the same challenging authority of manner which would not be denied.

Other young wives there were, young matrons who had grown younger as the years passed and touched them not; women of an immortal youthfulness and charm. Others, or on other, still young, whose hair was touched with silver and had become a crown worn with an added grace. Another, one of the most gifted and certainly the least conventional among all the ornaments of New York society, whose passion for reforming the world has not quenched her passion for melody. Still another—I saw her married, and the pair of them, she and her husband, receiving their friends at a 4 o'clock wedding breakfast on a pleasant lawn, in a pillared pergola of roses; and to-day the roses are as fresh as ever.

It was always a social function, this New York opera. You might always go from box to box and pay one visit after another; remembering always in which you may talk while the curtain is up and those where music silences the talk, and only between the acts may you converse. I once offered to a director of the Metropolitan a scheme for a new opera to consist wholly of entr'actes; but this he did not welcome. To Covent Garden there is no social side. The boxes are too small for visits and have no vestibules; all its enthusiasms are musical, unless, as of late, they are for the dance. But I remember a saying of Mr. Conried when he was musical director at the Metropolitan, and a strike of the orchestra was threatened. An agitated director asked him what he was going to do. He answered:

"If they strike I shall put a hand organ in the wings, and no great member of your smart boxholders will know the difference."

Mr. Conried's cynicism may pass. I suppose he sometimes heard a voice from the boxes while his artists were singing, and the social uses of the opera seemed to him profane. But the music of a pure voice is still music, whether sung or spoken; nor do they clash. Nor would the opera in it from society or from social privileges. Strip it of its social splendors and how long would it survive? They detract nothing from its musical or dramatic value and they lend it the prestige without which, in its present form, it would cease to exist.

G. W. S.

EDISON GUEST OF HONOR

Attends Dinner of College Alumni, but Lets Others Do the Speaking.

Thomas A. Edison was a guest of honor last night at the annual dinner of the New York alumni of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the Hotel Knickerbocker. Mr. Edison came under the promise that he would not be asked to speak, and all gentle attempts in speech and song that were made from him would make the occasion a more memorable one passed unheeded.

Richard A. MacLaurin, president of the Institute of Technology, spoke about the progress made in the efforts to provide new and adequate quarters for the institute. He repeated the many praises heaped upon the institute by Mr. Edison, whose high opinion of the work done by the institute was shown by the fact that he sent his son to receive his technical training there.

W. H. King, president of the alumni club, presided, and G. W. Kittredge was toastmaster. Speeches were made by Cass Gilbert, George Burgess and President MacLaurin. Among those present were E. D. Adams, Ralph E. Howe, Walter Large, L. W. Litchfield, A. R. McKim, E. S. Stevens, Henry J. Horn, Jr., W. G. Besler, F. H. Rollins, former Governor of New Hampshire; Allen Hazen, General Frank Briggs and H. Ward Loomis.

NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE, SUNDAY, JANUARY 14, 1912.

OBITUARY

GEORGE RADLEY VERNON.

George Radley Vernon, a member of the firm of Vernon Brothers & Co., wholesale paper dealers, with offices at No. 66 Duane street, Manhattan, died suddenly yesterday within a few doors of his home, No. 282 Clinton street, Brooklyn. Dr. Powell, of the Cumberland Hospital, said Mr. Vernon's death was probably due to the cold weather.

Born in Western New York seventy years ago, Mr. Vernon came to this city when a young man. Soon afterward he became connected with his uncle in the paper business. Later he became a member of the firm, and had been actively engaged in it since. For many years Mr. Vernon was a deacon of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church. He leaves a daughter.

WALTER BOWNE LAWRENCE.

Walter Bowne Lawrence, a broker, with offices at No. 66 Broadway, and brother of Robert Bowne Lawrence, a lawyer, died on Friday at his home, Willow Bank, Flushing, Long Island. He was the son of the late John W. and Mary King Lawrence and was born in 1838. He was graduated from Columbia College in the class of '61 and immediately went into business. He married in 1896 Miss Annie Townsend. She and two children, Anita and Townsend, survive him. The funeral will be held to-morrow afternoon at St. George's Church, Flushing.

THE REV. FRANCIS B. CHETWOOD.

Elizabeth N. J., Jan. 13.—The Rev. Francis Barber Chetwood died to-day at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in this city, after an illness of several months, at the age of eighty years. He was well known in Episcopal Church circles and as a literary man, he having been one of the writers for "The Churchman," issued by the Episcopal Church. He was connected with Christ Episcopal Church in this city about fifteen years ago, but since that time did not have any church. He retired several years ago and began devoting his time to literary work.

Mr. Chetwood was graduated from Princeton University with the class of '69. His brother, Robert B. Chetwood, who lived here, died over two years ago, and since then Mr. Chetwood had been making his home with his sister-in-law. He was a bachelor.

DR. T. F. M. ROEDIGER.

Dr. Traugott F. M. Roediger, a retired physician, died on Friday from a complication of diseases at his home, No. 663 West 189th street. Dr. Roediger was seventy-nine years old, and was educated at the University of Jena. Following his arrival in this country, more than half a century ago, Dr. Roediger began the practice of his profession, remaining actively engaged up to six years ago. He was a member of the New York Medical Society, and was one of the founders of the German Hospital. Four daughters and two sons survive him.

ROBERT S. GOULD.

Robert S. Gould, a well known resident of Brooklyn, died at an early hour Saturday morning of arterio-sclerosis at his home, No. 32 Remsen street. He was born at Hackensack, N. J., in 1838, and was for many years a member of the firm of Doughty & Gould, of Newark. Mr. Gould leaves a wife, a daughter, Mrs. Ernest H. Jackson, and a son, Harold W. Gould, of Manhattan. The funeral will be held at Grace Episcopal Church on the Heights on Monday at 2 p. m.

THE REV. JAMES MAHON.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.] New York, Jan. 13.—The Rev. James Mahon, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, in this city, died late to-day, as a result of a paralytic shock suffered early in the week. Father Mahon had been in charge of this church since July, 1906, and on December 23 celebrated his ordination as a priest.

EDWARD ANGEVINI.

Rochester, Jan. 13.—Edward Angevini, one of the oldest newspaper men in this city, died this morning. He was born in 1834 at Riga, Latvia, in the first frame house built west of the Genesee River, and two years later moved to Rochester, where he lived until his death. He had been engaged in newspaper work since 1857. He recently was resident manager of "The Elmira Telegram." In point of service he was one of the oldest newspaper men in this country.

THOMAS GALVIN.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.] New York, Jan. 13.—Thomas Galvin, the city's oldest florist, who has had charge of the grounds of the Newport Casino, died at his home here this afternoon. Mr. Galvin was a native of Ireland and first entered the florist business in New York. He was eighty-five years old, and his death was caused by pneumonia.

OBITUARY NOTES.

DR. VICTOR BAILLIE BROWN died Friday at his home, No. 83 Bowers street, Jersey City, from anemia, brought on, his friends believed, from a too arduous pursuit of his professional duties. He leaves a wife, who was Miss Winella Graham, of Putnam, N. Y., and a daughter two years old.

MATILDA FRANCES RHINELANDER, wife of Charles E. Rhineland, widow of the Commissioner Rhineland, died Friday at her home, at No. 4 West 32d street. She was born in this city and spent the greater part of her life here. She left no children or near relatives. The funeral services will be held to-morrow at 10 o'clock at Trinity Church.

CHARLES R. THORNE, breeder and raiser of Joe Patchen, the famous pacer, is dead in Peabody, Kan., from pneumonia. He was fifty-five years old.

GOLDSBOROUGH M. SERPILLI, general superintendent of the Norfolk division of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, died in Norfolk yesterday, aged seventy-four years. He had been in declining health.

THE REV. DR. J. B. MORGAN DEAD

Rector of American Church of Holy Trinity, Paris, Expires Suddenly.

Paris, Jan. 12.—The Rev. Dr. John B. Morgan, rector of the American Church of the Holy Trinity, on the Avenue de l'Alma, died suddenly this morning.

The Rev. Dr. John B. Morgan was a brother-in-law of J. Pierpont Morgan, having married the latter's youngest sister, Juliet Pierpont Morgan, who is spending the winter in this city, at No. 40 East 38th street. Dr. Morgan was for nearly forty years the rector of the American church on the Avenue de l'Alma, in Paris, and as such was a familiar figure to the many American residents on the banks of the Seine and visitors to the French capital. Dr. Morgan also took a conspicuous part in the ceremonies attending the official transfer at Paris of the body of John Paul Jones by the French authorities to the representatives of the United States government. His appointment to the rectorship of the American church in Paris dated from 1873, prior to which he was rector at St. Thomas Church, in this city. He was graduated from Columbia in 1864, and was ordained by Bishop Horatio Potter, and received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. He was a member of the University and of other clubs in this city. He made his home at No. 9 Rue de Freydet, in Paris, with his son, John J. Morgan, and the latter's wife, formerly Miss Caroline McCook, daughter of the late Colonel John J. McCook.

READY FOR "JUNIOR PROM"

Informal Events Precede the Opening To-morrow.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 13 (Special).—Although the formal events of Yale's annual social week will not begin until Monday, several hundred guests have already arrived. New Haven's new million dollar hotel, the Taft, was finished just in time to accommodate them.

To-morrow many informal teas and receptions will be given in the dormitory apartments of the upper classmen, and there will be sleigh rides for the "prom girls of 1912." The Germans and the formal teas and receptions are left for Monday, and the social season ends Tuesday night with the Junior Promenade in the 22d Regiment Armory.

The class of '12, under whose auspices the events are being given, includes an unusually large number of sons of prominent American families. Among them are William Averill Harriman, son of the late Edward H. Harriman; Vanderbilt Webb, son of Dr. W. Seward Webb; George Bruce Cortelyou, Jr.; Jack Appleton, son of the publisher, and Frederick Adam Gimbel, of Philadelphia.

Vanderbilt Webb is chairman of the promenade committee. The other members are Homer Eugene Sawyer, of New York, floor manager; Durant Allen, of Bloomfield, N. J.; Paul Achilles, of Rochester; Richard Woods Baker, of New Haven; Frank McCallahan, of Dayton; Edward U. Thatcher, of Toledo; Ratcliffe Romeyn, G. R. Cortelyou, Jr., and Joseph Walker.

NAVY AVIATOR MARRIED

Lieutenant Rodgers Take Annapolis Girl for His Bride.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.] Annapolis, Jan. 13.—Miss Ethel S. Greiner, of this city, and Lieutenant John Rodgers, U. S. N., one of the naval aviators who have been engaged in experimental work here for several months, were married at the rectory of St. Anne's Church, this city, this afternoon by the Rev. Dr. Joseph P. McComas, the rector.

The only persons who witnessed the ceremony were Rear Admiral John A. Rodgers, U. S. N. (retired), and Mrs. Rodgers, of Hayne de Grace, the parents of the bridegroom, and Mrs. Richard M. Greiner, mother of the bride.

Lieutenant Rodgers will leave Annapolis for San Diego, Cal., in a few days. Lieutenant Rodgers denied a rumor that he would give up aviation. On the contrary, he expects to conduct experiments with the Wright biplane and Burgess hydroplane attachment in connection with some of the vessels of the Pacific fleet.

LIEUT. KIMMEL, U. S. N., TO WED.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.] Norfolk, Va., Jan. 13.—Captain Thomas W. Kinkaid, U. S. N., and Mrs. Kinkaid, U. S. N., announced to-day that the marriage of their daughter Dorothy, to Lieutenant Husband Edward Kimmel, U. S. N., would take place on January 31, at St. Anne's Protestant Episcopal Church, Annapolis.

CALLS TEACHERS UNDERPAID

Alfred Mosely, English Authority, Attacks Our System.

Stanford University, Cal., Jan. 13.—Pompeous boards of education which underpay school teachers are striking at the life of the nation, according to Alfred Mosely, head of the British Educational Commission, who spoke his mind on the subject here to-day.

"America owes her position among the nations to her system of free education," Mr. Mosely declared. "American teachers, however, are grossly underpaid, and unless salaries are raised your system will fall short. If America fails, the world will go back to autocracy and the world will be a worse place than it is now."

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"You never hear of graft and corruption among English noblemen. Their family names cannot countenance graft," he said.

Mantoway, Wis., Jan. 13.—The town of Franklin, Sheboygan County, is paying \$500 a year for the support of a school where there is only one pupil, this fact being established by reports to the County Superintendent. A suggestion that the school be closed and the pupil sent to another school was not favored by the school board, which voted recently to re-engage the teacher for another term.

NEW CANAL SEEN ON MARS

Theory of Artificial Construction Borne Out by Observations.

Flagstaff, Ariz., Jan. 13.—Observations at the Lowell Observatory show that the new Canal Tiamis has doubled since the last presentation of this region six weeks ago. The canal runs nearly straight north from the Gulf of the Titans across the Equator and far into the northern hemisphere of the planet.

A perfectly parallel line has appeared to the east of it, the distance separating the two being more than a hundred miles. Most of the lines of certain Martian canals at certain seasons is one of the proofs held to support the theory that the canals are of artificial construction.

PROMISES \$100,000 TO YALE

Carnegie Will Aid Forest School Association When Fund Reaches \$500,000.

New Haven, Jan. 13.—It was announced to-day that Andrew Carnegie promised \$100,000 some time ago to the endowment of the Yale Forest School Association as soon as the fund had reached \$500,000. Only \$40,000 is now needed to make up the required sum.

Another promise of \$100,000 to erect a memorial building for forestry purposes has been made by a person whose name is not made public, and it is expected that the fund of the school will be paid in. The future plans of the school include the purchase of an area of several thousand acres near the school, to be used for practical forestry work.

SKATING TAUGHT FREE IN PARK.

Playground attendants, under orders from the Bureau of Recreation of the Park Department, are giving free skating lessons on lakes in Central Park. Most of the beginners are taken from the different playgrounds.

This is the first time playground activities have included instruction in skating. There are surprisingly large numbers of children in this city, it was said yesterday, who cannot skate on ice. The average boy or girl born in New York can skate, but young foreigners, especially those from the sunny Mediterranean, have never learned the art.

Twenty thousand persons were on the ice in Central Park yesterday, according to Superintendent Beatty. Night skating is now in progress.

"TONY HART," ACTOR, DEAD.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.] Worcester, Mass., Jan. 13.—Austin J. Heffren, forty years of age, known as "Tony Hart," died here to-day. Most of his life was spent in theatrical circles in New York and other big cities, and who had been playing on the vaudeville stage for the last five years, died at the City Hospital here to-day, after a week's illness. Heffren, who was born in this city, is survived by his wife, Mrs. Agnes G. Heffren, of No. 215 West 31st street, New York City.

FAMOUS PAINTER DIES POOR.

Berkeley, Cal., Jan. 13.—Byak Kooreman, a portrait painter, who was for years the



"Beat it, you fellows! I can take care of myself."—Battalion Chief Walsh.

MUSIC

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Jaisint, Gackwar's Son, Has Scalp

Wound Treated at Hospital.

Boston, Jan. 13.—One of the many patients taken to the emergency hospital to-day as a result of the weather was Jaisint, eldest son of the Gackwar of Baroda, who is a senior in Harvard College. The young prince fell on a slippery sidewalk and suffered a scalp wound which required a two hours' stay at the hospital.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," a play in four acts, by Eugene Walter, founded on the novel of the same name by John Fox, Jr., with Charlotte Walker in the role of June, will come to the New Amsterdam Theatre on January 29, at the close of the engagement of "Ten Hurs."

H. Heves-Smith, who has played so admirably for two seasons the part of Colonel Smith in "Green Stockings," has left Margaret Anglin's company.

Yesterday afternoon Weber and Fields signed contracts with Helena Collier Garrick and Ada Lewis to join their jubilee company, which will be seen in this city probably on February 8 at the Broadway Theatre. The cast of principals now includes Weber and Fields, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, William Cullen, George Beland and John T. Keller. Others, however, may be signed within the next few days.

The first reading of the play by Edgar Smith, the librettist, will be held on Monday the members of the company will be permitted to write on a slip of paper his or her suggestion for some name likely to prove a worthy successor to "Hotly Toity," "Fiddle Dee Dee," "Whoo Dee Doo" and "Twirly Whirly," and a brief description of the title "When Bunt Pulls the Strings."

The titles which most appeal to Edgar Smith, the author, and the Messrs. Weber and Fields will be selected.

The committee on drama of the MacDowell Club will hold a conference at the Maxine Elliott Theatre to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. The subject of the conference will be Max Reinhardt and his work. The speakers will be Richard Dymally, stage director for Max Reinhardt, Ben Greut, Professor William Norman Guthrie and possibly John W. Alexander, the latter, who is president of the MacDowell Club. Reserved seats may be had free upon application to the club at No. 108 West 55th street, or to the box office of the theatre.

"The Bird of Paradise," Richard Walton Tully's play of Hawaii, will move from Daly's to Maxine Elliott's Theatre on Monday, January 22. A new German opera comique, "The Rose of Panama," will be given for the first time in New York at Daly's on the same date. The music is by Heinrich Berte, a composer well known in Europe. The book is by Ignatz Schmitzer and Emmerich von Gatti, the English libretto being by John L. Shine and Sidney Rosenfeld. In the cast will be Tarena, a French prima donna, who will make her first professional appearance in this country; Anna Bussert, Fay Palinter, Reina Lazar, Forest Huff, Will Phillips, John J. McCowan, Mortimer Weldon, Tim Hadaway, Carick Major, Joseph Parsons and Teddy Le Duc.

The dramatization of the late David Graham Phillips' novel, "White Magic," was completed by Rol Cooper Megraw. Miss Gertrude Elliott and her company will come to the Criterion Theatre January 22.

The reception to Professor Richard Ormanskyl and the members of the "Sumurun" company, which was to have been tendered by Gustav Amberg and the members of the Irving Place Theatre this evening, has been postponed until next Sunday evening. Mr. Amberg and his company are arranging to entertain the "Sumurun" players with a programme consisting of two short German plays, recitations and musical numbers.

At a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goetz last night Mme. Simone, the French actress now playing at the Hudson Theatre in "The Return from Jerusalem," responded to an invitation to recite in French by rendering Rostand's "L'Ode au Soleil" and "Regrets" and "A Mon Fils," two short poems by Madame de Noailles.

MUSIC

The Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Fiedler and the Boston Symphony Orchestra played an old-fashioned symphony in the old-fashioned manner yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall to begin the third of the band's matinees for this year. It was the most familiar and, no doubt, the best loved of Haydn's symphonies—the one in G, No. 13, in the B-flat major key. What is meant by the old-fashioned manner in this instance is that Mr. Fiedler did not sophisticate the work in any way. He did not "read" significance into it, did not meddle with its orchestration, nor attempt to fit it to the modern taste for things "hot in the mouth" by experimenting with its tempos or dynamic values. Yet the performance was remarkable in one respect—the orchestra, three times as large as that in Haydn's mind when he wrote the symphony, played it with a precision and lightness which brought up thoughts of the old ideals of chamber music, and also with a beauty of tone such as the composer never was privileged to hear, either at Esterhazy or in London. That much a reviewer may be permitted to say, even though he never sat at dinner with Prince Esterhazy and listened to the musical productions of his household servant Haydn; it is a fact which can be learned from the story of music's development.

After the symphony Mr. Josef Hofmann, who has taken part in all of the concerts given by the Boston Orchestra while on tour last week, played Chopin's pianoforte concerto in F minor with a delightful clarity and loveliness of tone and sentiment; then Mr. Fiedler and his men brought forward a quasi novelty—Enesco's Suite, Op. 9, which had previously been heard here only at an afternoon and an evening concert of the Philharmonic Society a year ago. The music by the Rumanian gypsy failed to make a profound impression, but it was a much clearer and more interesting performance. The overlong first union movement was particularly tiresome, despite Mr. Fiedler's efforts to give it variety by a nice distribution of nuances. After this, to conclude the concert, came the familiar orchestral numbers from Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," the minutes of the Wilk-the-Wilks, the ballet of Sylphs and the Rakoczy March—light entertainment for an audience of a Saturday afternoon.

H. E. K.

"GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

Puccini's Opera Heard at the Metropolitan.

"The Girl of the Golden West" was yesterday afternoon's bill at the Metropolitan Opera House, with Mr. Canino, Mr. Amato and Miss Destinn in their usual parts. The audience was a huge one, but whether or not it would have been as large with any other Caruso opera cannot be determined until some other tenor than the great Italian becomes Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Martin has sung the role with critical favor in London, and it might not be a bad plan for the management to bring a line essay here. It would at least give a line as to the real interest held by the American public in Puccini's latest work.

NEW PLAY FOR GRACE GEORGE

Actress Plans to Produce Bayard Veiller's Drama in February.

Sudden changes in the plans of Grace George and the Playhouse company were announced last night upon the decision of William A. Brady to produce a new drama by Bayard Veiller and her company, Miss George, the actress who is now playing at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in "Just to Get Married," will terminate her engagement there on next Saturday night and will begin rehearsals of the new play at once.

A new company will be formed to support the play, and Mr. Canino, Mr. Amato and Miss Destinn in their usual parts. The audience was a huge one, but whether or not it would have been as large with any other Caruso opera cannot be determined until some other tenor than the great Italian becomes Mr. Johnson.

The name of the new play is at present "The Miracle," but this title will not be retained, as it would conflict with Professor Reinhardt's spectacle of that name now at the Olympia, London, and which it is reported will be brought to this country soon.

Her new part will be a radical change from the kind of character Miss George

has been accustomed to playing, for she will appear as a woman outlaw, who